

## THE PAN HANDLE.

Set the Railroad So Named, but that Vast Texas Corner.  
Chicago Inter Ocean.

On the extreme northwestern frontier of Texas, cut by the Canadian and Clear rivers with innumerable branches, abounding in rich grazing lands and fertile tracts, is a great square block of territory projecting almost to the northern limit of Indian territory, and of larger domain than the entire State of Connecticut. Here the Red and Washita rivers rise and clear cold springs abound in vast numbers. Here celebrated battles have been fought, and the once lordly Indian subjugated by the land of the white man. Here herds have fed in thousands, and surveys for various railroads have been run through. A land it is of perpetual summer and a climate vying with the finest on the Pacific slope. Long the eyes of speculators have turned toward the spot, and the tide of emigration has been stopped only by the lack of facilities for transportation.

But a few days ago a curious incorporation was noticed among the list from Springfield, of a company of prominent Chicago men empowered to build a State Capitol for Texas, and then the startling announcement that this vast territory described, known on the map as "Pan Handle," had been decided to the incorporation as payment for the proposed State Capitol. Most prominent among the names of incorporators were those of the Farwells of this city. Congressman C. B. Farwell was at once visited for facts relative to this unparalleled scheme, and the following dialogue ensued:

CONGRESSMAN FARWELL INTERVIEWED.  
"Mr. Farwell, the readers of the *Inter Ocean* would like a description of that little matter in Texas."

"Well, now, I don't believe we know anything about it; do we, John?" turning to his brother.

"Just a little, perhaps," observed Mr. John.

"We had better not tell him, had we?" quoth Mr. C. B.

"Just a little, perhaps," again observed Mr. J. V.

"Let me ask you a few questions," said the scribe, "and you can answer as many of them as you please."

"Well, fire away. I might die in a worse cause."

"Who are the parties interested in this transfer of land?"

"A. C. Babcock, of Canton, Ill., Abner Taylor, my brother John and myself, of Chicago."

"When was the matter proposed?"

"On the 7th of last month I came from Washington on the receipt of a telegram, and we talked the matter over, and soon after sent a reliable expert to make arrangements if everything was satisfactory."

"What about the Texas side of the question?"

"The state set apart a body of land to pay for a capitol which would be large enough to meet the demands of the future. The proposition was made to us, and a telegram from Austin assures us that the agreement has been consummated beyond recall."

"How large is the tract of land?"

"It comprises 3,000,000,000 acres."

"How is it bounded?"

WHERE THE BONANZA LIES.

"It comprises what ought to form a part of Indian territory, which bounds it on the east and north at the intersection of a line 36 deg. 39 min. north latitude, with the 103d meridian of west longitude running 34 1-2 miles south of the corner of Kansas, New Mexico, and Colorado. The area consists of about 5,000 square miles, being nearly two hundred miles long and almost thirty wide. Some 50,000 acres of this were set apart by the state to defray the expenses of the survey of the tract, and the remainder belongs to us."

"That makes you the largest individual land owners on the globe, does it not?"

"I did not agree to answer everything."

Both gentlemen smiled, however, and the cat pranced out of the bag at a 2:40 gait.

"A scientific analysis of soils would be next in order."

"Well, a large tract of land adjoining is set apart for grape culture, and Californians who have experimented at home and on the tract, prefer the latter. They claim that it is the finest vineyard land on the continent. There is no stoppage of operations there for winter. It is well watered and timbered."

"What is the prospect of railway projects?"

"Three railways are rapidly pushing through, the Houston and Texas Central railway, and another one from Austin, and one from Denver people are building."

"What do you propose doing with this land?"

"Well," continued the victim, "we have had two offers for it, the largest of which is upward of \$2,000,000. We think it is worth more, and have declined."

LATEST PLANS FOR THE LAND.

At this point a letter was handed the speaker and he glanced at its contents with a face beamed with approval.

"I have the latest and best scheme in hand," he said. "One of the promoters of the project writes that the land can be colonized with 30,000 thrifty Europeans in short order, which scheme will realize best, I think. The cattle men meet in Austin to-day to talk over the land for grazing, and the results of their deliberations will have an important bearing on the future of

the Pan Handle. We are not dying to dispose of the land, which we are aware will yield us an enormous revenue."

"You have not yet spoken about the capitol?"

"We are under contract to build it in six years, at a cost not to exceed \$1,600,000, which will give Texas a structure. It will be built of local stone and surpass in modern elegance."

### The Angora Goat.

M. Joseph P. Devine, a stock raiser in Texas, writes as follows to the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.:

"There are millions of acres of rocky, hilly undergrowth of live oak in Western Texas and other States also, that will not support one sheep to twenty acres, one cow to forty acres, or one horse to fifty acres; in other words, that are utterly worthless for any use on God's green earth except for goats. Now if there is a good and sure sale for mohair, there is no doubt but the common goat can be made to produce, in five or six removes, a fleece equal nearly to any pure blood hair in luster and length, and in weight far more, by breeding from a pure bred billy every time and always. To sum up the advantages of goats over other stock, they can be herded with perfect safety and to advantage in flocks of 2,000; for I now have one herd of 2,050 graded Angoras, herded by one Mexican. They can be located in summer eight miles from their watering place, and drink once in three days, returning to camp same day—a great item in this dry country; they can be raised and thrive best on land worth fifteen to twenty-five cents per acre; they are subject to no disease whatever, that I know of; they will protect themselves, that is the grown, against wolves or dogs; and last, but not least, they come home five times a day, if lost on the range. Then there is not a more agreeable or pretty pursuit in the world than raising Angora goats. That you may not think I am partial to Angoras, allow me to say I am breeding cattle, horses, and have 3,400 head of Merino ewes; and if I had a little more encouragement as to the future of the Angora, namely, regular sale and fair price for hair of first quality, I would, if forced to give up all my interest in stock except one, keep my pretty, intelligent, and valuable Angora; and let sheep, hogs, etc., go to grass."

### The Two Headed Girl's Hotel Bill.

Millie Christine, the two-headed girl, who some years ago attracted considerable attention from Dr. Pancoast and other prominent members of the medical fraternity, is at present a guest of the Great Western Hotel, on Market street, above Thirteenth. On Saturday, when her agent presented himself at the Cashier's desk to settle this week's account, he was surprised to find that the bill read: "The Misses Christine," and that board was charged for two persons.

"How do you make this out?" asked the agent, as he looked at the cashier.

"The lady had two heads, has she not?" said the cashier.

The agent admitted that such was the case.

"And she has two mouths?" continued the hotel man.

Again another affirmative nod.

"And she eats with both of them?" persisted Mr. Cashier.

"Yes," broke in the agent, "but she only takes half a meal to each mouth."

"That's all very fine," responded the Cashier, "but you can't come that racket on us. She's got two heads and two mouths, and she gets two meals served in her room. Now if that doesn't constitute two persons, then I'd better go out of the business."

The head waiter was called and corroborated the statement concerning the double feed. Then the agent hied him to an upper apartment and demanded an explanation from the double-headed lass, which developed the fact that while the two meals were actually served, one of them was devoured by a voracious curiosity that occupied an adjoining room. Somewhat of a similar affair occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad a few weeks ago, when a conductor, who had not a spark of humor in his system, gravely demanded two fares for the monstrosity. It was only with considerable difficulty that her agent managed to convince him that although there were two heads, four arms, four legs and two minds, it was only one woman. After some demur, the conductor agreed to accept the single ticket, but up to the time that the train reached the depot he had failed to solve the arithmetical conundrum as to how one and one could be simply one.—*Philadelphia Record*.

### Marvelous Mining Work.

The length of the shafts and galleries in the Comstock mines of Nevada is 250 miles. During the twenty years just closed, 350,000,000 tons of waste rock have been hoisted, 1,750,000,000 tons of water pumped to the surface, and the net result of all this work was \$325,000,000 in bullion. We must wait until the twentieth century to ascertain if the Comstock's equal has been discovered and is numbered among the mines of to-day. Whether or not such stupendous results could have been or can be attained by companies with non-assessable stock, will probably remain an unsolved problem.

"HOUSEKEEPER." We do not know why plum pudding was so named, unless it was because it contains everything, from dirt to nightmares, except plums.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

## SUPERSTITIONS OF ENGINEERS.

Some Queer Stories Told About Them By Railroad Men.  
Hartford Post.

"What causes, aside from snow storms and accidents, make passenger trains late in arriving at stations?" inquired a reporter of Division Superintendent Rawn, of the New York & New England road, at his office in the Union Depot, this morning.

"Well, they are innumerable," said Mr. Rawn. "But there is one cause of delay which is quite curious and almost unaccountable. Like sailors, engineers are very superstitious. I suppose they become so from the comparative solitude and dangers of their positions. With only a fireman as a companion, they are out in all kinds of weather, and I can tell you it is no pleasant thing for a man to ride at full speed on a dark night, peering out of a little window into a blackness made more black by the bright glare of the headlight. On all sides is darkness, and the little speck of monotonous track ahead is all that he can see. Certain engines, like certain ships, get bad reputations, and the men hate to run them. They consider them unlucky, and believe they are bound to kill somebody, and so will refuse to drive them at top speed. This feeling is almost universal among engineers. We have an engine on our road now which the men dislike very much to be assigned to. I was once on a railroad in the West which owned an engine which the men were positively afraid of, it was so unlucky."

On his way up town, the reporter called upon Mr. Davidson, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, and, in conversation upon the topic, he said:

"Yes, all engineers are more or less superstitious; their calling makes them so. At one time one of our fast trains kept coming into Hartford from two to five minutes late. At first I thought this was due to some material cause, but at last, as the train arrived in New Haven on time, I determined to find out the trouble. On arrival of the train in New Haven the engineers were changed, and as the time was all right up to that time I knew that time was being lost between there and Hartford. I couldn't understand it, for the road is good all the way, and time should be made up over it, instead of lost. I went down one day and asked the engineer what made him late so repeatedly. He said he didn't know, only that the engine would not make time. He had always been a competent man, and was thought much of on the road. I got into the cab with him, and after a short distance had been passed found that the engine was not doing its part. I told the engineer to throw open the throttle valve. At first he refused to do so, but when I repeated the order he did so and we reached Hartford on time. After this he was never late because of the engine. The fact was that he had got scared, but after he had been relieved of all apprehension the train came in regularly on schedule time. Once when I was running a night train between here and Springfield, I had a queer experience. My fireman was a young fellow, who twice, when we reached the bridge over the Connecticut at Windsor Locks, disappeared from the cab. The third time I watched him, and noticed that he had gone into the tender and crouched down in the corner. When we were well into the bridge, I called out to him and he came into the cab with a face as white as marble, and he was shaking all over. I asked him what was the matter, and he said: 'There's some fellows up in the rafters there, and some time they're going to chuck rocks at us!' You see, the idea had suggested itself to him one night, and, being superstitious, he had carried it around in his head until he really believed it."

### Wild Animals and Their Tamers.

Most youngsters who pay their way into a circus-tent know at sight every animal that is likely to be found there, and, as soon as they have nodded recognition at him, are sure to ask: "What can he do?"

For this reason, almost every dangerous creature in the most recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible-looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should get loose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

A direct consequence of all this is, that the more a wild beast can be taught the more he is worth, but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of to-day say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands.

"Gentle?" remarked one of these venturesome folk the other day. "Those tigers of mine? Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with

the whip first, then with my voice, then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feed them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business going in the first time, and I pick my chance for it when they are specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's all humbug that a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you are getting very careless. They are always sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wilds, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most, are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you get into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. See that dent in the side of my head and those deep scars on my arm! There are more down here"—patting his leg. "Got 'em from the best-trained lions you ever saw. It's awful, sometimes, to have one of those fellows kind o' smell of you, and yawn and shut his jaws, say, close to one of your knees! See my wife, there? She's the 'Panther Queen,' just as I'm a 'Lion King.' Her pets are playing with her now, but they've scratched her well, I tell you. There's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after awhile. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life. Once they gave it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some other tamer gets badly clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp—sure death around him all the while. And the pay isn't anything like what it was."

It may be true that the strictly predatory animals of the cat kind are never to be trusted, but the now three-year-old hippopotamus of the leading American "show" seems to have formed a genuine attachment for his keeper, a young Indian. He is savage enough to all other men, and when out of his den for his very limited exercise it is fun for all but the person chased to see how clumsily, yet swiftly, he will make a sudden "charge" after a luckless bystander. After that, he will crustily and gruntingly obey his keeper, and permit himself to be half-enticed, half shouldered into his den again. There should be more room for brains and, consequently, for affection, in the splendid front of a lion, than between the sullen eyes of even a very youthful hippopotamus.

The "keeper" question is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and, although high pay hardly can be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time. As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages.

The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$2,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost some \$6,000 per pair and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, and perhaps now, a very good "uneducated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$500 to \$800. The same beast, the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and trebles in value. There is no telling what he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more he knows the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.—*St. Nicholas*.

—The *Cuero Bulletin* says: The Excelsior Cotton factory of this city is running on full time, producing a quality of yarn which has attracted the attention of Eastern spinners on account of its superior qualities.

## The Fortune of the Barings.

(From London Society.)

The Barings have been among the most famous of English bankers. They are of German stock. There is a kind of ecclesiastical flavor about them. Their English founder was a Bremen pastor, who settled in this country. His grandson married the niece of an English Archbishop. One of his descendants became Bishop of Durham. The money was originally made in the rich, profitable clothing business in the west of England. Ashburton gave a title in the peerage to the chief of the house of Baring. It has been a rule in the house that when any one of them has got a title he goes out of the business. Sir Francis Baring, the first great banker, who, dying in 1810, left a fortune of \$2,000,000, had three sons—Thomas, Alexander and Henry. Thomas succeeding to the baronetcy, gave up the business. Henry had a rather romantic reputation as a lucky gambler who was frequently able to break the bank of a gambling table. He was the amazement of beholders when he would sit down at a gambling table at the Palais Royal—before such tables were happily abolished—with piles of gold and notes before him. The reputation of a successful gambler was hardly suited to the intense respectability of the firm, and Mr. Henry was induced to retire from the business. Alexander Baring, often known as "Alexander the Great," sustained and extended the fortunes of the house. He went to America, and there the richest banker in England married the daughter of the richest citizen of the United States. One of his gigantic transactions possesses a historical importance. After the conclusion of the great European war he paid down a sum of £1,100,000, by which France was freed from the occupation of Russian, Austrian and German armies. "There are six great Powers in Europe," said the Duc de Richelieu—"England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Bros." In 1865 he was made Lord Ashburton. Two of his sons held the title, and each successively retired from the business. The head of the firm, Thomas Baring, became chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and another member, Lord Northbrook, has been Governor General of India.

### He Used to be a Boy Himself.

The other day a show came to Little Rock and was shamefully imposed upon by Uncle Isom. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low-spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

"Does yer youngsters wanten go to der show?" he asked.

The boys responded in a noisy chorus.

"Well, come on den. I ustur be a chile myself, an' unlike dems' of men, I haint forgot it. Count dese boys" he added, addressing the doorkeeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in Isom was walking around talking to acquaintances from the plantations.

"Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets." Does yea think me a lottery agent?"

"You passed in twenty boys, and I want the tickets or the money."

"I doan owe you no tickets, an' I doan owe yer no money. I didn't tell yer to pass the boys in. I said count 'em Ise always heard that showmen is good on 'rithmetic, an' I wanted ter satisfy myself. Yer say dat dar was twenty boys. I doan spute yer word case I ain't no mathetician. Sposen I take a lot of boys ter de cashier on a bank an axes him to count 'em, does dat signify dat de cashier is gwine ter pass 'em into de money room? No, sab. Go back to yer tent, I sees a crown goin' in."

The showman, remembering that he had left the entrance unguarded, turned and Isom walked away.—*Little Rock Gazette*.

### Flocks and Fleeces.

Among other good things claimed for the goat is that he is the best known brush exterminator. Much ground that is otherwise very valuable is rendered comparatively valueless by the thick growths of shrubs and brush. Any well balanced William goat would prefer his lot to be cast among tender young orchards or expensive lawn shrubbery, but there is no doubt that goats are capable of exercising their destructive propensities with equal effect and more satisfactory results, if their attention is more properly directed to the necessity of keeping worthless brush under control. We now have the goat in the role of meat producer, milk supplier and automatic brush destroyer, while all are aware that he can produce no hair than any other animal, and it is possible that he may possess some better qualities that have as yet been untold. Verily, the goat is a "useful member of society," and there is to-day many a man who can recall instances when, for a time, at least, he was impelled to lead a higher life, aided by the elevating influence of some sturdy goat of the sterner sex, whose path he happened to cross.